

# Good Morning 532

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

OFFICE TEAM SMILES For P.O. Ron Davies



## IRISH CASEMENT'S CURTAIN

I HAD no reasonable excuse for liking Sir Roger Casement. I had a petty, perfectly unreasonable one for disliking him. When the Putomayo rubber atrocities were stirring this country I had a trip arranged to go up the Amazon and cable the startling news to the world. (The late W. T. Stead warned me that I would "get my wizzard cut" if I went near the place.)

But it was all fixed up, carriers, guides, outfit—and then Sir Roger Casement sent home an account which the British Government published, and that scooped my story and stopped the trip.

Thus he may have saved my life; but he did worse in beating me to that story. Casement was at that time British Consul in Brazil. He had had a distinguished career. He had been Consul at Lourencio Marques, Portuguese West Africa, French Congo, San Paulo, Parana, and was Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro.

He received the C.M.G. He was knighted in 1911. In 1913 he retired on a pension. He made his final claim for his quarterly payment in October, 1914. Then he disappeared. He turned up in Germany in December of the same year. And because of what he'd there he was pronounced traitor and hanged.

I have always thought that Casement might have got away with it but for one bit of forgetfulness.

On Thursday night, April 20, 1916, a labourer on the lone Kerry coast, near Tralee Bay, saw a red light flashing about a mile out to sea off Curraghane. Then about four o'clock next morning, Good Friday, a farmer named McCarthy went to say his prayers at a holy well in the district. He said his prayers and was returning home by the beach at Tralee when he saw a rubber boat tossing a few yards from the shore.

McCarthy pulled the boat to the land, and found in her a

**Sir Roger Casement, notorious German agent landed at Tralee one April night in 1916 and might have succeeded in his plans against the Allies but for the wit of a small boy who followed and watched. The story is told by STUART MARTIN**

dagger. In the sand he discovered a box full of pistol ammunition. He noticed, too, that footprints in the sand led towards Ardfert.

When he went back to his farm a servant told him that three men early that morning had passed, all wearing overcoats. The local police started investigations. They found near the boat, half-buried in the sand, three Mauser pistols, more ammunition, maps of Ireland, a flash-lamp, and two lifebelts.

Continuing their search, they came upon a tall, bearded man, drying his clothes in a ruined fort. He said he was an author on holiday from Buckinghamshire. They asked him to come with them to Ardfert barracks.

Now, when this was going on there appeared on the scene a small, ragged Irish boy, who, like all small boys, took a keen interest in the proceedings. He stood aloof when the police listened to the "author's" explanation. He was aloof, but watchful—again like all small boys.

The police were marching off their man when the latter slipped a bit of paper from his pocket, crushed it up in his hand, and dropped it as he strode along.

The police didn't notice this action, but the small boy did. He was following on behind, and he pounced on the bit of paper and handed it to the cops. Casement had forgotten the small boy walking behind him.

For it was Casement the police had discovered in that ruin, although he did not admit it then. He confessed his identity two days later when officers of the Metropolitan Police went to Ireland to interview this "author from Buckinghamshire," who was by that time charged with landing ammunition in County Kerry.



SIR ROGER CASEMENT

On the bit of paper he had dropped was a code containing a number of sentences, each numbered, whereby information was to be sent to "Mr. Hehlin, Davos Village, Switzerland."

What of the other two men who were known to have landed in that rubber boat with Casement? One was traced, the other was never discovered. The one who was traced proved

to be an Irish soldier who had been taken prisoner by the Germans and had agreed to join an Irish Brigade to fight against Britain.

The rubber boat which these three men had landed in—it had upset near the beach—had been launched from a German submarine; and it is on record that, when the boat was about to shove off, the submarine commander asked Casement, "Is there anything else you want from me?"

To which Casement replied quietly, "Only my shroud!"

Now, it so happened that on that very Good Friday on which the landing took place the British sloop Bluebell was on patrol in the Tralee area. About ninety miles from land a ship was spotted, and the Bluebell nosed towards her.

The ship flew the Norwegian flag, and had this flag painted large on her hull, both port and starboard. In answer to the Bluebell's signals she replied that she was the Aud, from Bergen, bound for Genoa.

The Bluebell ordered her to alter course and make for Queenstown Harbour; but near the Daunt Lightship the Aud stopped her engines, and before the Bluebell could prevent it she was scuttled. Her crew came off in boats and were taken on board the Bluebell, all German seamen. The Aud went down with the German flag flying.

This information came out at Casement's trial on June 26th, 1916, before the Lord Chief Justice (Viscount Reading), Mr. Justice Avory, and Mr. Justice Horridge. It was also revealed that a diver had been sent down to the Aud, and found her loaded with rifles and ammunition, obviously intended to aid a rebellion.

The charges against Casement were six in number. The first three alleged the incitement of British prisoners of war, at Limburg Camp, Germany, to "forsake their allegiance to the King and join forces against him in the war."

WE called at 23, Farmer Street, Notting Hill, P.O. which he appears as the chief fairy on the Christmas tree.

Your wife says they are the only wings he is ever likely to get—and she should know! Mrs. Davies adds: "We three all keep in touch with each other, and hope soon to make a merry party to paint the town red when you all return. There is keen competition on this subject of letters to home from your submarine and it's a race which of the three gets news first, so 'T. I.' keep your end up!"

When tea was finished in the office, Mrs. Davies spoke about "getting back to work again," and sent us off. She closed her message to you by sending all her love and saying "The bird will sing again."

All these girls in your wife's office who came into the photograph, say they "love sailors." Being "nice girls," that seems quite fitting.

F. E. Smith (later Lord Birkenhead), but as soon as the indictment was read, up leaped Serjeant Sullivan, claiming that the charges must be quashed, because the prisoner was charged with "no offence known to the law."

The judges put on their thinking caps and talked heads together; and finally decided that Serjeant Sullivan should argue his point after the prosecution had stated its case.

You see, Casement was charged with "high treason by adhering to the King's enemies elsewhere than in the King's realm, to wit, in the Empire of Germany."

I'll make Serjeant Sullivan's argument clear in a minute. First, let me say that the statute on which the charges

(Continued on Page 3)

## HOME TOWN FLASHES

MR. W. R. DAVEY, who acted as honorary auctioneer at a Red Cross sale at Collington, is a sportsman.

Among the "lots" were a pair of native boat models, carved by Fiji Islanders which attracted the attention of two small boys.

The lads brought a tanner each and waited patiently until the boats were put up for sale. Then they bid their bob, and held their breath. The bidding swept over and above their "capital"—but at 30s. the models went to the auctioneer, who to the boys' delight handed them a boat each, gravely accepting their tanners for the Red Cross Fund.

One contributor to this sale was an old age pensioner

In the picture, you'll notice, Doreen, who works amongst the rabbits, elephants and ducks. Her father makes them as a hobby, and she gives the finishing touches with a little paint, and being camera-shy, a lot of laughter.

Shortly Doreen is going on full-time clerical work at the County Hall, Wakefield, but wishes she was back in the Overseas Nursing Service, which she joined soon after war broke out.

All the best from everyone at 14, Westmoreland Street, Walter, and Good Hunting.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



BRUSH UP YOUR MEMORY E.R.A.  
WALTER BAILEY

SINCE Engine Room Mechanic Walter J. Bailey left Pontefract, Yorks, for the briny, Doreen Johnson, of 14, Westmoreland Street, Wakefield, has been wondering whether he had to queue to get on board his sub.

Reason is that one day, on a visit to Leeds, Doreen and Walter decided to go rowing at Roundhay Park, but not even a sailor's uniform could get them on the lake quickly, so they queued for 2½ hours. "Bet I don't have to wait this long to get aboard my sub," laughed Walter, and Doreen has wondered about it ever since.

When Walter was on a training course at Pontefract, Doreen and her friend Elsie made his off-duty hours happy by giving him the pleasure of a warm fire and a homely meal. Doreen, her father, Elsie and Walter used to play cards into the far distant waters you're heading for and hope to see you again before long.

gotten most of the games he taught her.

Sandal Castle, which will be well remembered by Walter for the sunny April afternoons he spent there, has lately been the scene of visits from parties of American Servicemen.

Wakefield skating rink, where he spent many hilariously happy hours, still echoes nightly to the shouts of laughter from people who find it easier to skate on anything but their skates. Doreen doesn't go often now—she needs someone to hold her up!

Our guess is that right now Walter could just eat one of those egg and chip suppers (the hens put on a special effort for a submariner-to-be). She asked us to tell you that she and Elsie both wish you a very happy Christmas in those small hours of the morning, but unfortunately Doreen has for

20 DEC 1944



# WANGLING WORDS—471

(Continued from Page 1) were made was the Treason Act of 1351, an Act that had been passed to safeguard the long-dead Edward III.

1. Insert consonants in "E\*\*B\*\*" and "A\*\*E\*AY" and get two English novelists.

2. Here are two animals whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

HETROLE — DAPRANP.

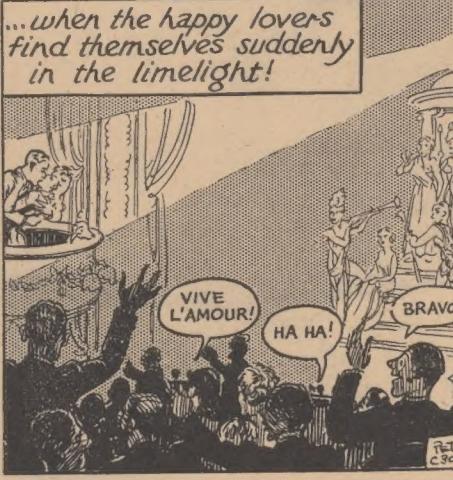
3. If "sender" is the "end" of poster, what is the end of (a) Magnificent, (b) Protector?

4. Find the two cathedral cities hidden in: If they end the cartel, you will be without a job here, for decisions to cut down work have been made.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 470

1. NEWTON, HARVEY.  
2. LIZARD—ADDER.  
3. (a) Dogma, (b) Dogrose.

# JANE



# RUGGLES



# GARTH



# JUST JAKE



# IRISH CASEMENT'S CURTAIN

aid and comfort; and that treason applied only if the accused person was in the King's realm. So great was the effort of his speech that at one point Sullivan stopped, stammered, repeated a sentence, and sank to his seat. He rose with an effort and stood, pale and trembling.

"I regret," he said pathetically, wistfully, "that I have completely broken down."

The Court was adjourned, and when the next day it was resumed another counsel continued the argument.

But the Court decided against the argument. Casement was found guilty and sentenced to death.

He made a long statement denying asking soldiers to fight for Germany. All he had asked them to do, he said, was to form an Irish Brigade to fight for Ireland. "I see no reason why Ireland should shed her blood in any cause," he said, "but her own. If that be treason beyond the seas I am not ashamed to avow it, or to the person who gave them answer for it with my life."

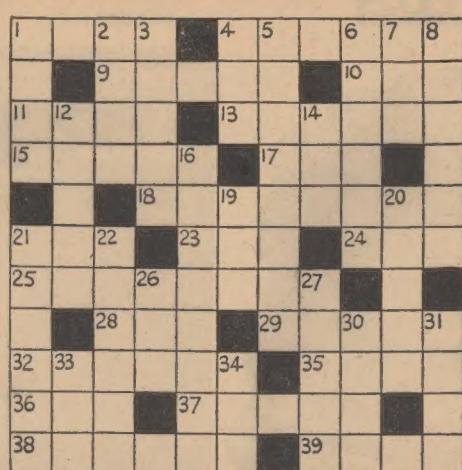
A fortnight afterwards, on August 3rd, Sir Roger Casement was executed at Pentonville, and his body buried there.

Well, since then Eire has got what Casement wanted her to have. So what?

# CROSSWORD CORNER

## CLUES ACROSS.

1. Woof.  
4. Con. ractions.  
9. Thickness.  
10. Wages.  
11. Bird.  
13. Thought centres.  
15. Journal.  
17. Tune.  
18. Time of day.  
21. Cingling pod.  
23. Foo.  
24. Male animal.  
25. Tries to excel.  
28. Fish's organ.  
29. Ladies.  
32. Imbue.  
35. Ma.e animal.  
36. Nothing.  
37. Rye disease.  
38. Quick.  
39. Eleven.



## CLUES DOWN.

1. Distort.  
2. Walk awkwardly.  
3. Grasped.  
4. Woven fabric.  
5. Put in order.  
6. Courage.  
7. Colour.  
8. Organised body.  
12. Caulking-fibre.  
14. River isle.  
16. Drew long bow.  
19. Away.  
20. Headless pin.  
21. Starts.  
22. Frit.  
26. Fabrication.  
27. Wooden shoe.  
30. Silent.  
31. Slender.  
33. Squeeze.  
34. Attempt.

OHM LATINS  
LOAVER FAST  
DUBIOUS TOR  
SET MORALE  
MELTS BELOW  
U INLET E  
SHONE RACED  
COUGAR ROW  
LOT KINDLED  
EKED DESIRE  
S ROAST NSW

# THRILLS WITH THE DOGS

(Continued from Page 2)

## DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

Miss Georgine Byron, at Colnbrook, has been training fifty winners a season, and has brought home nearly 500 winners on the track. Not only does she keep her dogs in winning condition, but she also sketches them for the owners.

She began with a riding school, worked at one time in a horse-racing stable, and switched to dogs on a doctor's advice.

The sheer scope of the "track" often makes the "turf" appear a minor affair. Until the war, for instance, Hilda Potter kept 160 greyhounds on her farm and trained evaded her.

them on a miniature course. To-day her name is known wherever greyhounds are raced.

She, too, entered the business largely by accident. A puppy sired by Mick the Miller was put up for auction at a charity dinner, and Miss Potter, charmed by its gawkiness, was the buyer at £60.

She entered it in a race at West Ham, and no one was more surprised than she when it won. With the prize she bought another dog—and then another... Eventually she had the largest training and breeding kennels owned by a woman, but for years the classic wins evaded her.

# ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

MILLIONS of us, in and out of the Forces, are looking forward to peace and leisure. Many a man in uniform has found a new hobby which he will take back to Civvy Street. Whether it's collecting postage stamps or odd souvenirs, the psychologists assure us that a hobby, however crazy it may seem to others, helps to give a man mental relaxation.

Einstein goes in for collecting cracked tea-cups. Nobody knows why, but the learned Professor has a grand collection, and gets quite a kick out of it.

Mr. Churchill paints pictures as a relaxation, but gets even more pleasure from the humble job of bricklaying. He even possesses a genuine Bricklayers' Union card.

When he is not discoursing on the joys of Hognorton, Gillie Potter studies heraldry and the mysteries of genealogy. Will Hay puts away his mortar-board and takes up his telescope. He enjoys quite a reputation in scientific circles as a notable astronomer.

"Two Ton" Tessie O'Shea finds that she is quite as expert with the brush as with the ukulele. She has painted several water-colours which have been exhibited.

Vic Oliver finds pleasure in collecting antique watches. Some of them are really remarkable. He has been collecting them for years, and goes miles to attend a likely sale.

Not many people are aware that the great Russian writer, Leo Tolstoy, once decided to make flying his hobby. He had a theory that will-power was all that was necessary to make a human being fly. He was finally cured of this hobby when he jumped out of a second-floor window!

Some of our most brilliant lawyers get fun out of manual work. Mr. Justice Oliver is a great hand at wood-carving, and Sir Stafford Cripps has a carpenter's shed fitted up on his estate.

Sometimes hobbies show quite a pleasant dividend. R. C. Sherriff was pushing a pen in an insurance office when he began to write plays, "just for fun."

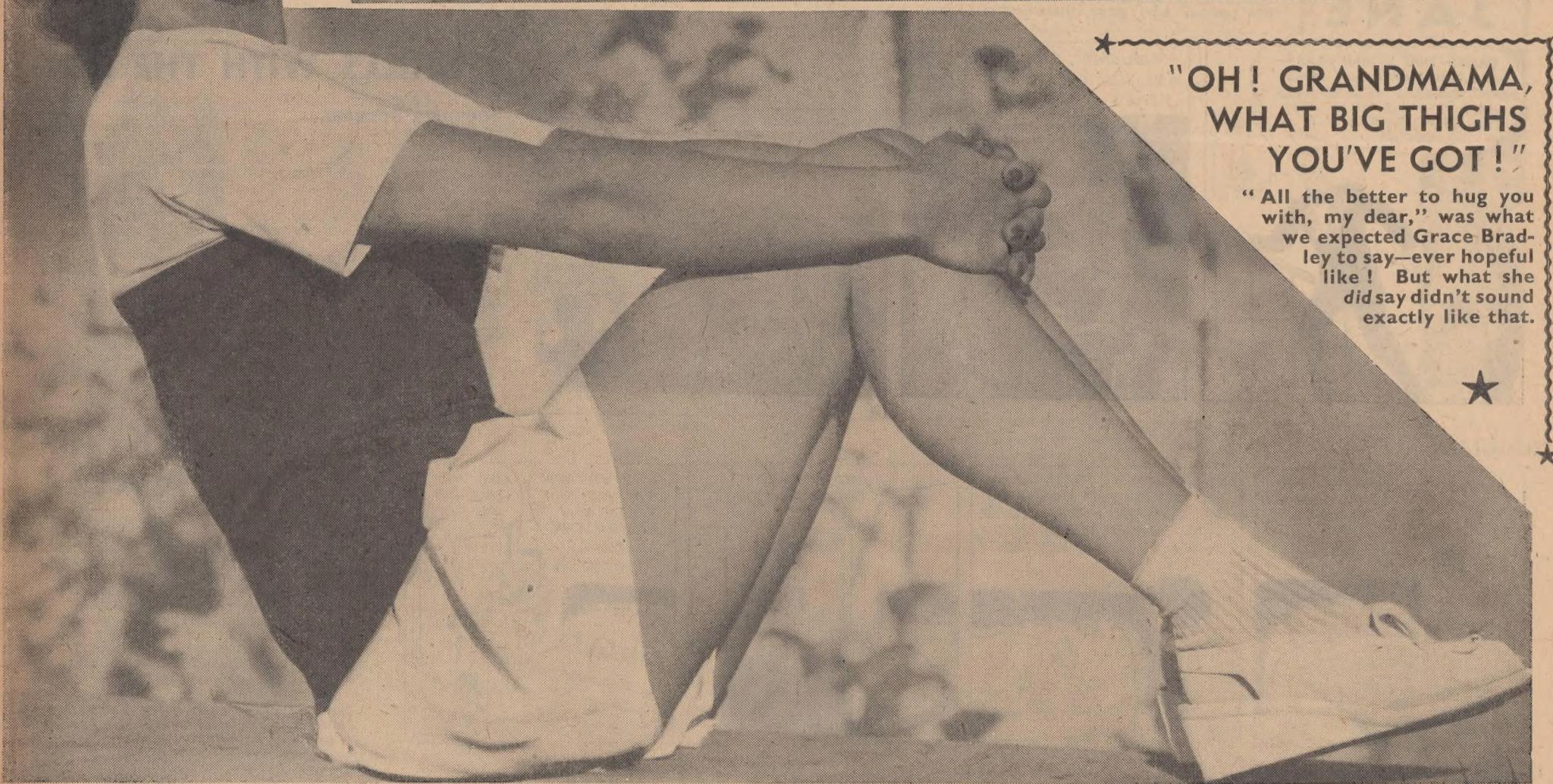
A man who became interested in collecting historic armour, to-day makes an excellent income supplying "props" of all kinds to film studios.

His experiences as a captain in the East Surreys gave him the raw material for the phenomenal hit play, "Journey's End."

A certain Wall Street broker was famous for his collection of cigars. When the stock market crashed it looked as if he would be smoking fag-ends. But a cigar company remembered his impeccable taste and offered him a job. Now he is earning a good living as a cigar-tester.

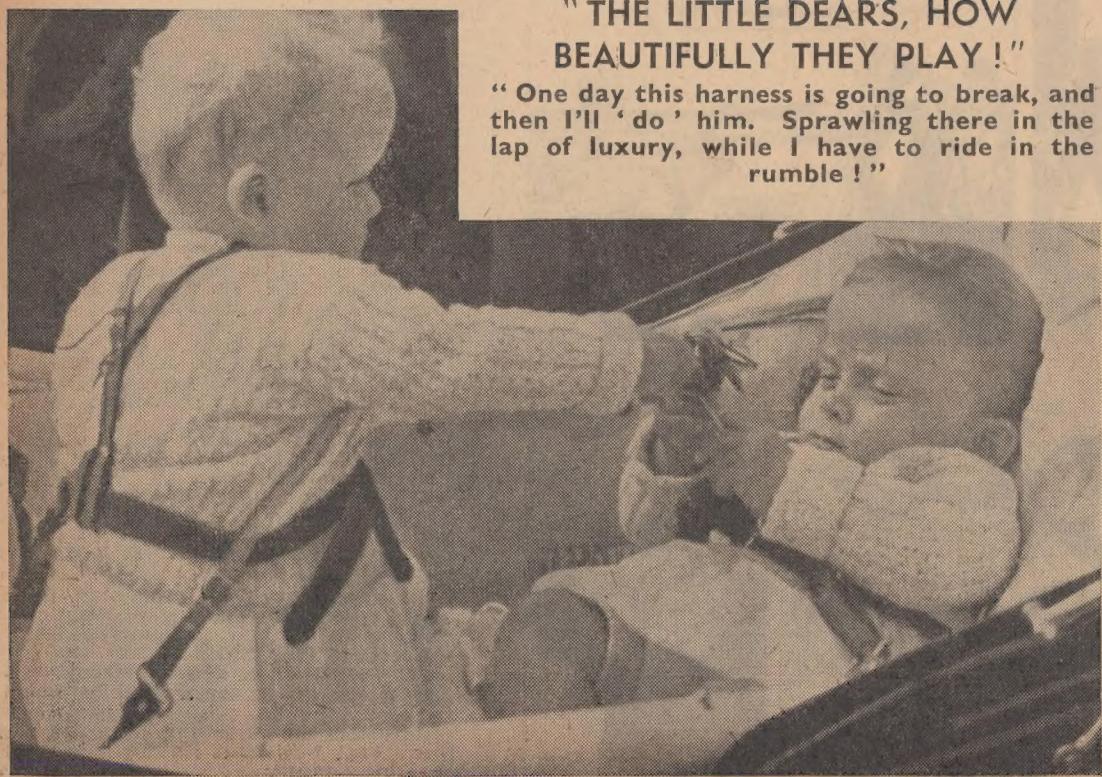
# Good Morning

**THIS ENGLAND.** The fruitful fields of our country here present a pattern as pleasing to the eye as they must be to the farmer. Somewhere in Hertfordshire.



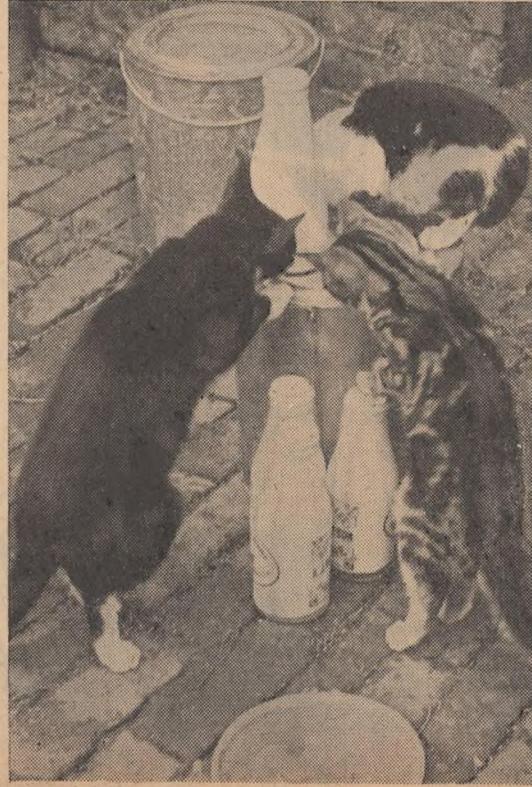
## "OH! GRANDMAMA, WHAT BIG THIGHS YOU'VE GOT!"

"All the better to hug you with, my dear," was what we expected Grace Bradley to say—ever hopeful like! But what she did say didn't sound exactly like that.



## "THE LITTLE DEARS, HOW BEAUTIFULLY THEY PLAY!"

"One day this harness is going to break, and then I'll 'do' him. Sprawling there in the lap of luxury, while I have to ride in the rumble!"



\* If the farmer's wife catches them, she'll make them into Manx cats.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Thereby hung a tail."

